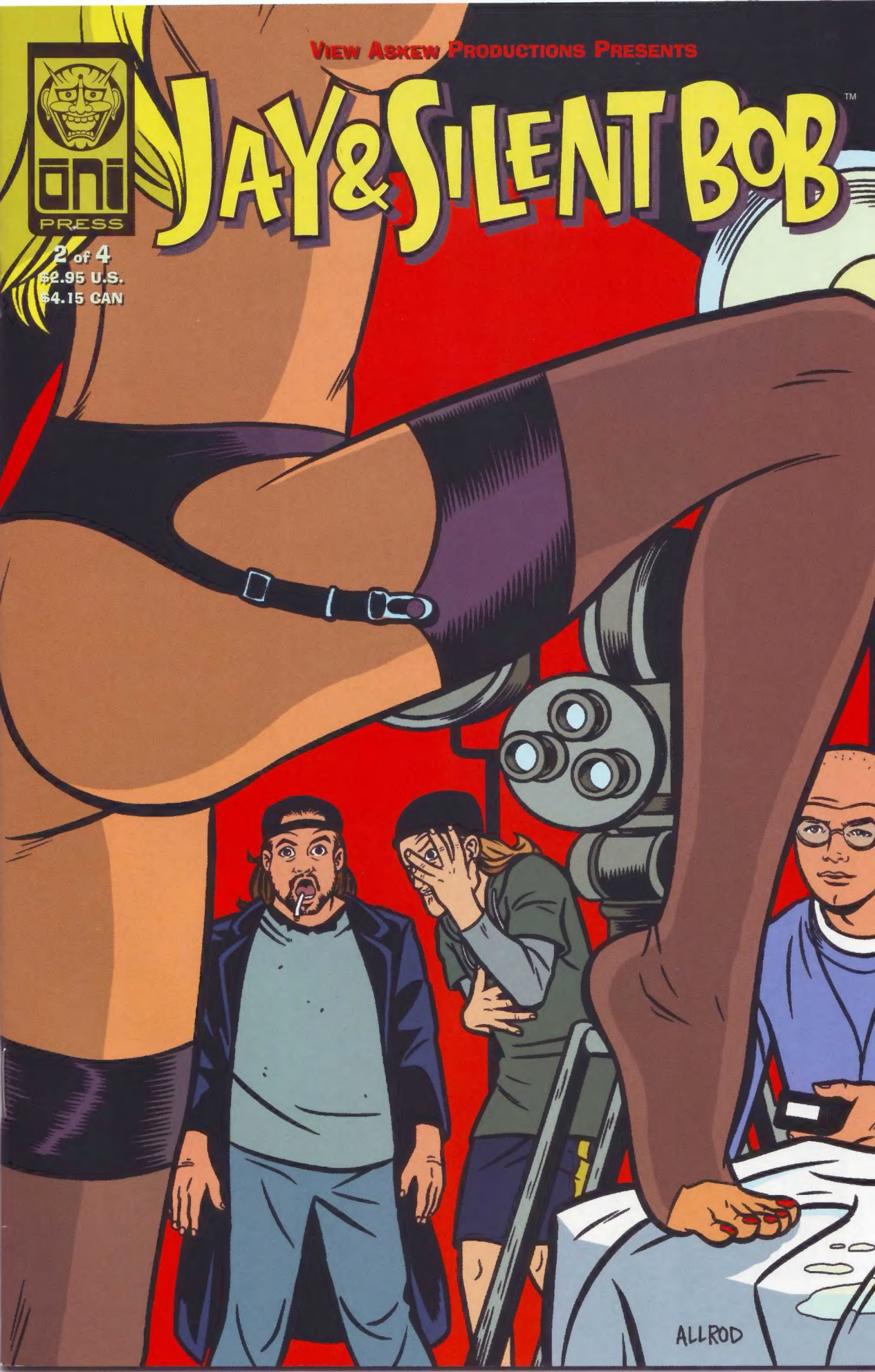
View Askew Productions Presents

Jay & Silent Bob™



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2 of 4

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Jay & Silent Bob #2

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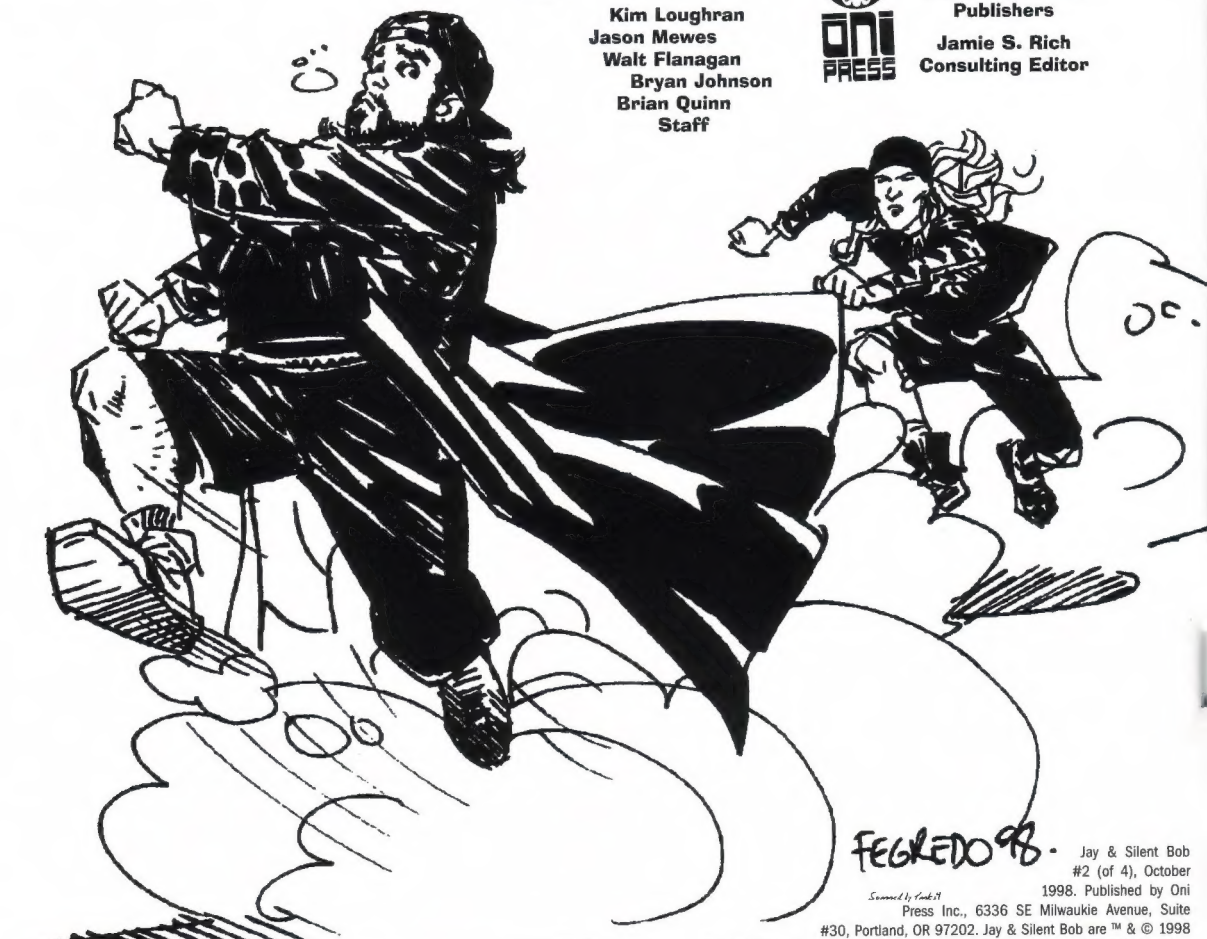

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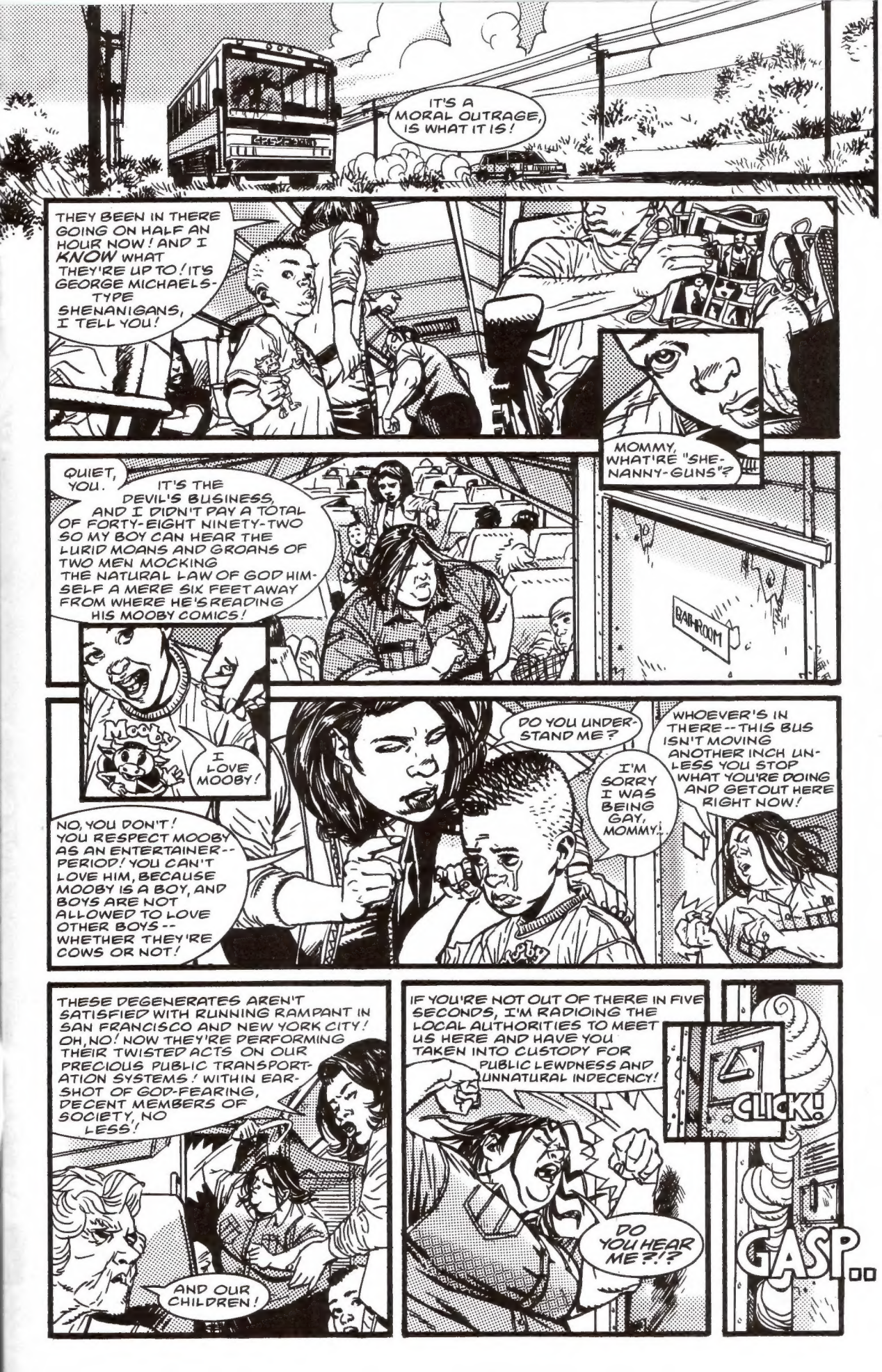
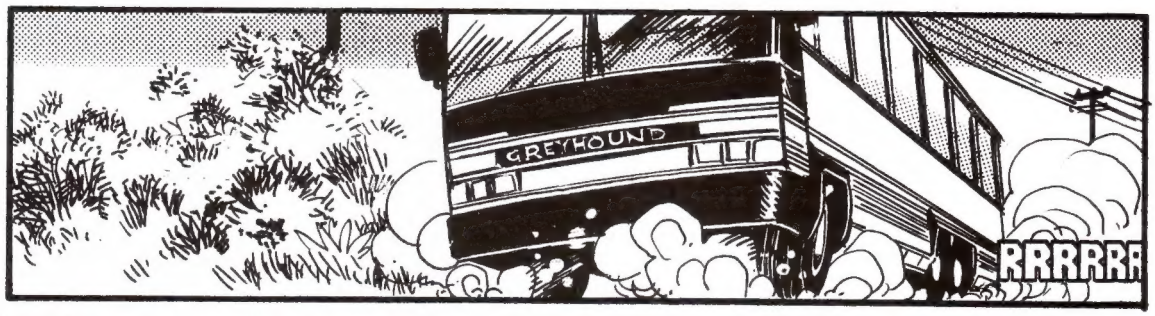

IT'S A MORAL OUTRAGE, IS WHAT IT IS!
THEY BEEN IN THERE GOING ON HALF AN HOUR NOW! AND I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP TO! IT'S GEORGE MICHAELS-TYPE SHENANIGANS, I TELL YOU!
MOMMY, WHAT'RE "SHE-NANNY-GUNS"?
QUIET, YOU.
IT'S THE DEVIL'S BUSINESS, AND I DIDN'T PAY A TOTAL OF FORTY-EIGHT NINETY-TWO SO MY BOY CAN HEAR THE LURID MOANS AND GROANS OF TWO MEN MOCKING THE NATURAL LAW OF GOD HIMSELF A MERE SIX FEET AWAY FROM WHERE HE'S READING HIS MOOBY COMICS!
BATHROOM
Mooby
I LOVE MOOBY!
NO, YOU DON'T! YOU RESPECT MOOBY AS AN ENTERTAINER-- PERIOD! YOU CAN'T LOVE HIM, BECAUSE MOOBY IS A BOY, AND BOYS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO LOVE OTHER BOYS -- WHETHER THEY'RE COWS OR NOT!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
I'M SORRY I WAS BEING GAY, MOMMY.
WHOEVER'S IN THERE -- THIS BUS ISN'T MOVING ANOTHER INCH UNLESS YOU STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND GET OUT HERE RIGHT NOW!
THESE DEGENERATES AREN'T SATISFIED WITH RUNNING RAMPANT IN SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK CITY! OH, NO! NOW THEY'RE PERFORMING THEIR TWISTED ACTS ON OUR PRECIOUS PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS! WITHIN EARSHOT OF GOD-FEARING, DECENT MEMBERS OF SOCIETY, NO LESS!
AND OUR CHILDREN!
IF YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THERE IN FIVE SECONDS, I'M RADIOING THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES TO MEET US HERE AND HAVE YOU TAKEN INTO CUSTODY FOR PUBLIC LEWDNESS AND UNNATURAL INDECENCY!
DO YOU HEAR ME?!?
CLICK!
GASP...

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU PEOPLE...?
I'M ALL ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKING CLAM!
MOMMY-- WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU PEOPLE...?
I'M ALL ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKING CLAM!
MOMMY-- WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

FRAGILE


GREYHOUND
RRRRRR

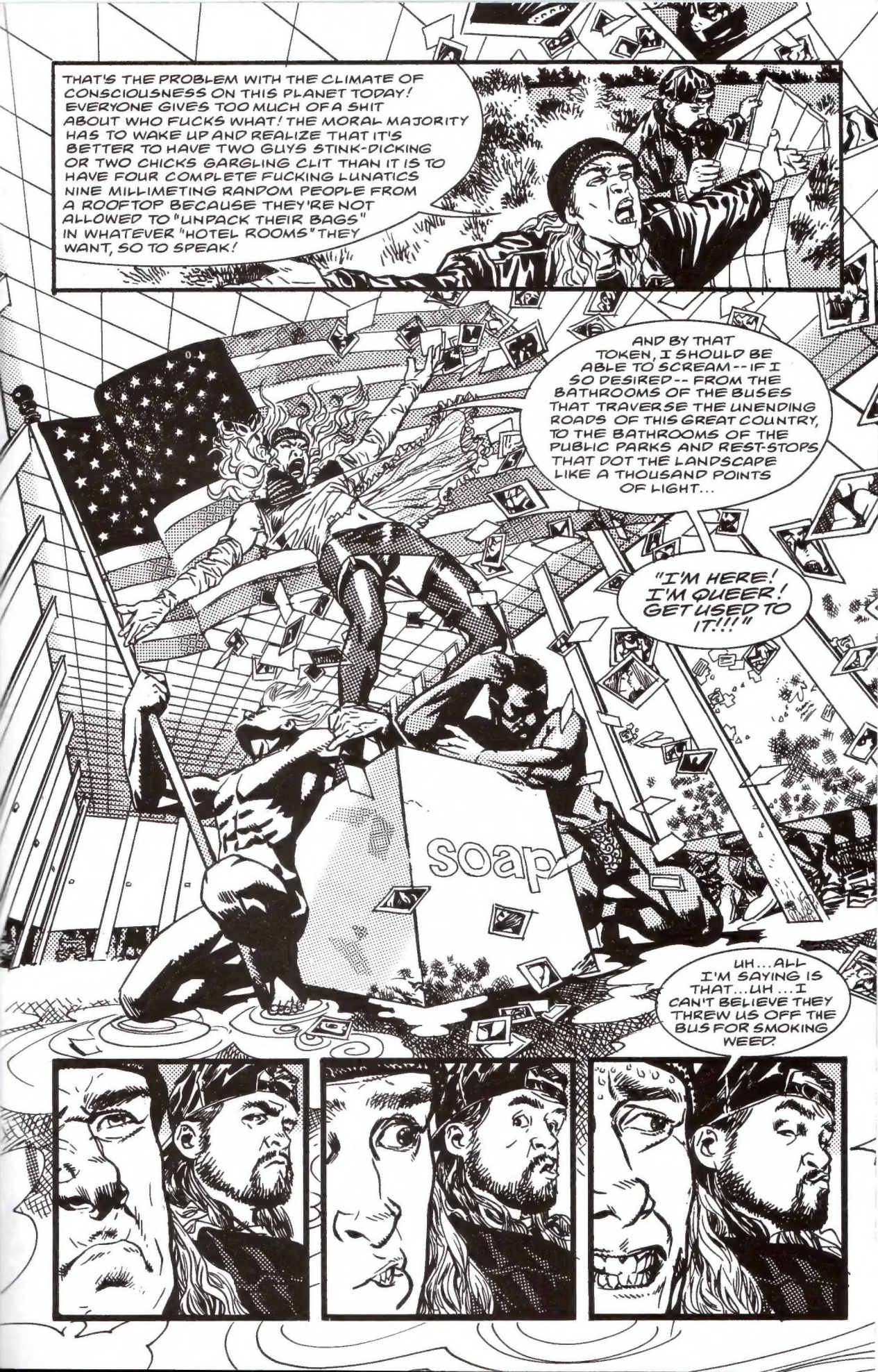
RRRRRMMMMMMMM

THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD'S AGAINST US, DUDE.
I SWEAR TO GOD.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS COUNTRY COMING TO?!? FIRST, WE'RE ACCUSED OF BROWN-HUMPING EACH OTHER, AND THEN WE GET KICKED TO THE FUCKING CURB FOR HAVING A SMOKE! YOU KNOW, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN A MAN COULD FUCK HIS FRIEND, AND ENJOY A GODDAMN TOKE, AND NOBODY SAID SHIT!

WHERE'S THE SO-CALLED FREEDOM FOR THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS? WHAT IF I WANTED TO FUCK YOU, SILENT BOB?
I'd never, because I fucking love chicks, man--even though I know you think about cuddling up to my three-piece set all the time.

BUT I'M SAYING "WHAT IF" HERE. LIKE THE COMIC BOOK--EXCEPT IT AIN'T ABOUT "WHAT IF PETER PARKER HAD BEEN BEATING OFF IN THE LAB AND THE SPIDER BIT HIS KNOB," OR SOME SUCH SHIT.
WHAT IF I WAS ALL PENT UP, AND ALL I NEEDED TO KEEP ME FROM GOING POSTAL ON THAT BUS WAS TO BUST A NUT IN YOUR DARK AND STINKY?


THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH THE CLIMATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS ON THIS PLANET TODAY! EVERYONE GIVES TOO MUCH OF A SHIT ABOUT WHO FUCKS WHAT! THE MORAL MAJORITY HAS TO WAKE UP AND REALIZE THAT IT'S BETTER TO HAVE TWO GUYS STINK-DICKING OR TWO CHICKS GARGLING CLIT THAN IT IS TO HAVE FOUR COMPLETE FUCKING LUNATICS NINE MILLIMETING RANDOM PEOPLE FROM A ROOFTOP BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT ALLOWED TO "UNPACK THEIR BAGS" IN WHATEVER "HOTEL ROOMS" THEY WANT, SO TO SPEAK!
AND BY THAT TOKEN, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SCREAM -- IF I SO DESIRED -- FROM THE BATHROOMS OF THE BUSES THAT TRAVERSE THE UNENDING ROADS OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY, TO THE BATHROOMS OF THE PUBLIC PARKS AND REST-STOPS THAT DOT THE LANDSCAPE LIKE A THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT...
"I'M HERE! I'M QUEER! GET USED TO IT!!!"
soap
UH...ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT...UH...I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY THREW US OFF THE BUS FOR SMOKING WEED.

♪
?
SO, WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE?
West End
Pittsburgh
Duquesne Heights
Soho
Lipton
NEAR THE 'BURGH,' EH?
WELL, I GUESS WE CAN ROLL UP ON STEELTOWN AND DROP SOME SCIENCE ON THOSE SIMPLE FUCKS. SHOW'EM HOW WE KICK IT, JERSEY-STYLE, AND BUM A RIDE TO SHERMER, ILLINOIS, FROM SOME CHICK WHO'LL LET US BOTH INTO HER PITT-SNATCH.
BUT REMEMBER-- I GET TO GO FIRST.
I HATE SLOPPY SECONDS.
C'MON, LUNCHBOX.

EXCEPT FOR THE HOCKEY ARENA, THE ZILLION FUCKING BRIDGES, ALL THE BUILDINGS, AND A COUPLE OF RIVERS, IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE TRI-TOWN, DOESN'T IT?
I GUESS WE SHOULD BE GETTING DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OF SEDUCING SOME HAPLESS BROAD, SO'S WE CAN GET SOME GRUB, SOME PINK, AND SOME SHUT-EYE WITH A ROOF OVER OUR HEADS. THREE HOTS AND A COT--KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
SAY... WHAT'S THIS?
?
ROGERS
HOLY SHIT, DUDE--JACKPOT! LOOK AT THAT HONEY IN BLACK. SHE'S OUR TICKET TO PARADISE AND SHERMER, ILLINOIS.
ROGERS
DUDE, REMEMBER THAT FLICK MY CHAUFFEUR? I BET SHE WANTS IT FROM SOME YOUNGER GUY, JUST LIKE THE CHICK IN THAT MOVIE!
I'LL GO OVER THERE, TURN ON THE CHARMS, AND GET US TWO RIDES: ONE TO SHERMER, ILLINOIS, AND THE OTHER...
...DOWN BEAVER DRIVE. WATCH AND LEARN, TUBBY.

I WONDER IF I TAKE YOU HOME...

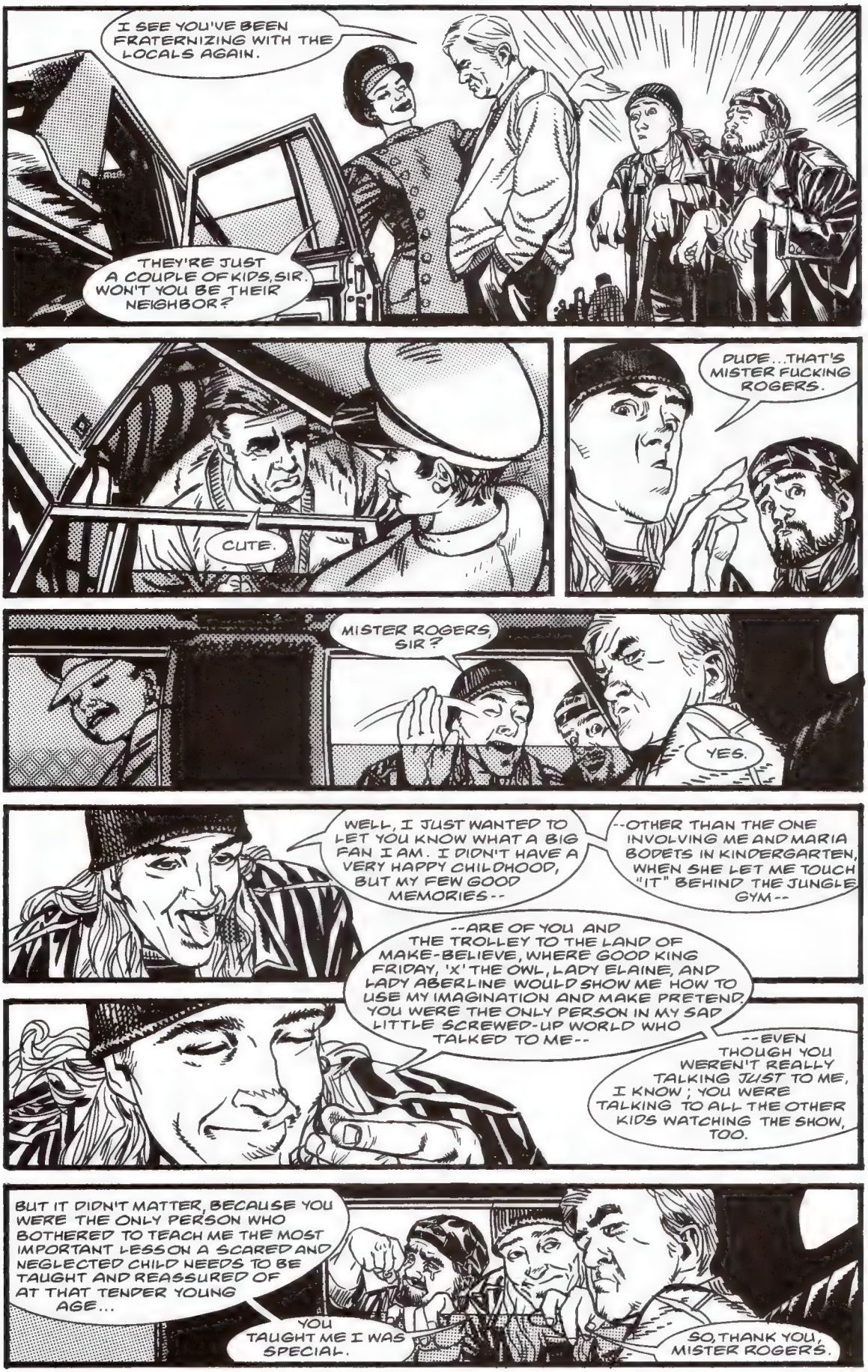
WILL WE STILL BE IN LOVE, BABY...?

BECAUSE I NEED YOU TONIGHT!

UCK!
BONG!

WHAT THE FUCK...? WHO THE FUCK...? WHERE THE FUCK...?
DON'T TOUCH THE CAR. DON'T EVER TOUCH THE CAR.

WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, LADY?! I OUGHTA SNAP YOUR NECK WITH A KUNG-FU GRIP!
EASY, TIGER. I WAS JUST DOING MY JOB.
WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF JOB MEANS YOU GOTTA HURL MY ASS INTO A BUILDING? AND WHERE'S THE GUY WHO MUST'VE HELPED YOU?
HOW'S ABOUT YOU JUST MOVE ALONG, BEFORE YOU GET YOURSELF INTO MORE TROUBLE?
THE ONLY TROUBLE GONNA BE GOING DOWN IS ME THROWING YOU OVER THE HOOD OF YOUR JALOPY HERE AND BUSTING A FLESHY CAP IN YOUR ASS!
MY, MY-- SUCH POTTY-TALK FROM SUCH A YOUNG MAN. OBVIOUSLY, YOU WEREN'T RAISED ON MY EMPLOYER'S DAILY LESSONS.
?
YOUR "EMPLOYER"? WHO THE FUCK IS THAT? SOME PITTSBURGHIAN BUSINESS-STIFF WHO'S SO WOMANLY HE NEEDS A CHICK TO BE HIS MUSCLE? TELL HIM TO SHOW HIS FACE, AND I'LL BEAT HIM LIKE A RED-HEADED STEP-CHILD!
OKAY-- JUST LET HIM PUT HIS SWEATER ON FIRST.
HOLY SHIT...
GBS
START THE CAR, MERCY.


I SEE YOU'VE BEEN FRATERNIZING WITH THE LOCALS AGAIN.
THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF KIDS, SIR. WON'T YOU BE THEIR NEIGHBOR?
CUTE.
DUDE...THAT'S MISTER FUCKING ROGERS.
MISTER ROGERS, SIR?
YES.
WELL, I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT A BIG FAN I AM. I DIDN'T HAVE A VERY HAPPY CHILDHOOD, BUT MY FEW GOOD MEMORIES--
--OTHER THAN THE ONE INVOLVING ME AND MARIA BODETS IN KINDERGARTEN, WHEN SHE LET ME TOUCH "IT" BEHIND THE JUNGLE GYM--
--ARE OF YOU AND THE TROLLEY TO THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE, WHERE GOOD KING FRIDAY, 'X' THE OWL, LADY ELAINE, AND LADY ABERLINE WOULD SHOW ME HOW TO USE MY IMAGINATION AND MAKE PRETEND. YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON IN MY SAD LITTLE SCREWED-UP WORLD WHO TALKED TO ME--
--EVEN THOUGH YOU WEREN'T REALLY TALKING JUST TO ME, I KNOW; YOU WERE TALKING TO ALL THE OTHER KIDS WATCHING THE SHOW, TOO.
BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER, BECAUSE YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON WHO BOTHERED TO TEACH ME THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON A SCARED AND NEGLECTED CHILD NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT AND REASSURED OF AT THAT TENDER YOUNG AGE...
YOU TAUGHT ME I WAS SPECIAL.
SO, THANK YOU, MISTER ROGERS.

FUCK OFF, SCUMBAG.
SLAP!

PUNCH IT, MERCY.

VRRMMM SKREEEEEEEEEE
ROGERS.C

THAT GUY MUST GET SO MUCH PUSSY.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T EVEN SCORE HIS AUTOGRAPH! MAN, YOU'RE GETTING SLOW IN YOUR OLD AGE.
Moby's
WE COULD'VE WENT TO ONE OF THEM COMIC BOOK CONVENTIONS AND SOLD IT FOR HUGE BUCKS.
OR AT LEAST SCORED A BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC NUMBER ONE FOR IT. FUCKING BOOK'S HARDER TO COME BY THAN A NUN WEARING A STRAP-ON...
Moby Store
Surly Duck
Moby

Moby's
Surly Duck
Moby
the Golden Calf
PAT-PAT
YOU'D THINK WE COULD SECURE A COUPLE COPIES OF THE DAMN BOOK WE'RE IN, WOULDN'T YA? THEN THAT BANKY FUCK TELLS US WE COULD ORDER SIGNED COPIES OFF HIS STUPID WEBSITE. I'LL TELL YOU-- IF THAT CORPORATE WHORE THINKS I'M PUTTING ONE NICKEL INTO HIS GREEDY LITTLE POCKET, HE CAN JUST...
Surly Duck

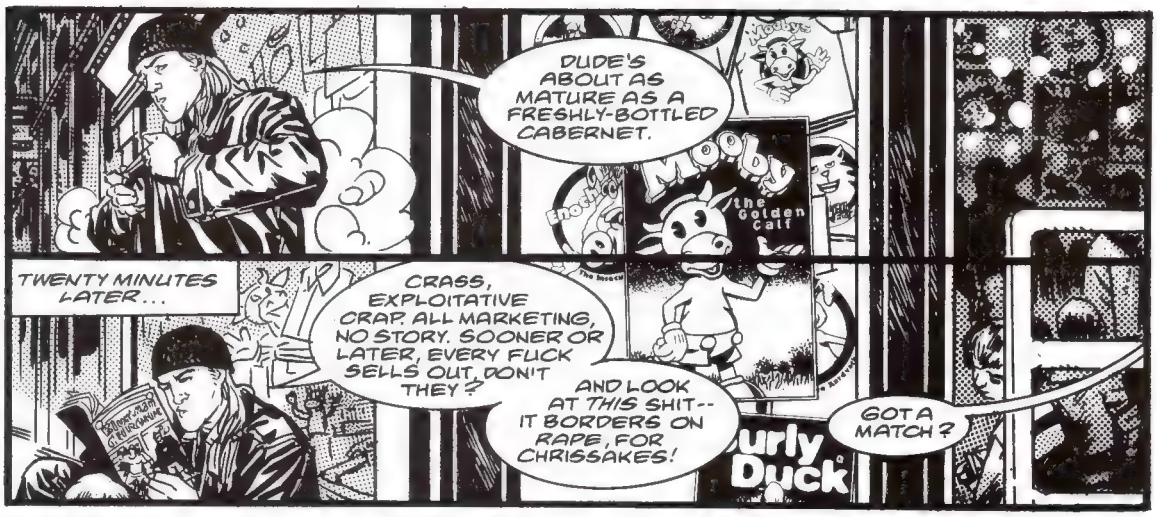
YOU KNOW -- IT WOULDN'T KILL YOU TO SAY, "JAY, WAIT UP."

SO, THIS IS WHAT HAS YOUR PANTIES IN A BUNCH? "THE MOOBY STORE," HUNHH?

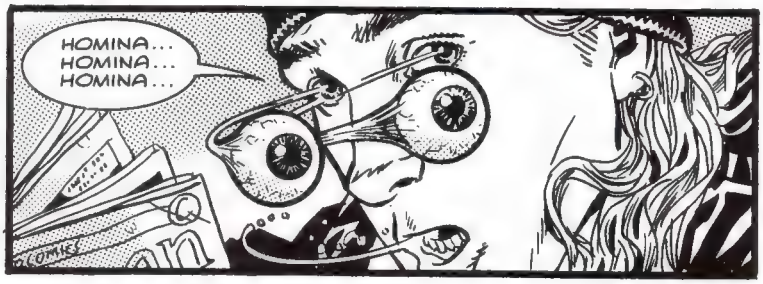
YOU WANNA GO IN?! MAN-- WE GOT PLACES TO GO! WE'RE ON A SCHEDULE HERE! WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO INDULGE NO WALK DOWN MEMORY LANE!

OH, BROTHER...

FINE! GO AHEAD IN. BUT JUST DON'T EXPECT ME TO JOIN YOU. NO WAY. THAT'S FUCKING KID STUFF. I'M GONNA STAY RIGHT HERE UNTIL...

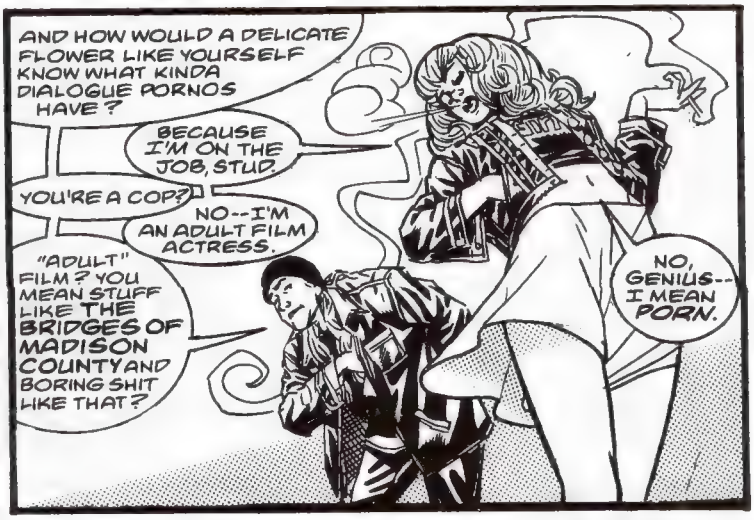

DUDE'S ABOUT AS MATURE AS A FRESHLY-BOTTLED CABERNET.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
CRASS, EXPLOITATIVE CRAP. ALL MARKETING, NO STORY. SOONER OR LATER, EVERY FUCK SELLS OUT, DON'T THEY?
AND LOOK AT THIS SHIT-- IT BORDERS ON RAPE, FOR CHRISSAKES!
GOT A MATCH?
Mooby
the Golden Calf
Curly Duck

YEAH--MY ASS AND YOUR...
Bluntman


HOMINA... HOMINA... HOMINA...

COME ON, BABY--LIGHT MY FIRE.

WHAT'S COOKIN', GOOD LOOKIN'?
IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN COME UP WITH? JEEZ, THEY WRITE BETTER DIALOGUE FOR PORNOS.


AND HOW WOULD A DELICATE FLOWER LIKE YOURSELF KNOW WHAT KINDA DIALOGUE PORNOS HAVE?
BECAUSE I'M ON THE JOB, STUD.
YOU'RE A COP?
NO--I'M AN ADULT FILM ACTRESS.
"ADULT" FILM? YOU MEAN STUFF LIKE THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY AND BORING SHIT LIKE THAT?
NO, GENIUS--I MEAN PORN.

THANK YOU, GOD.

SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT--
--YOU'RE A PORNO STAR?!
"STAR" IS A BIT MUCH. BUT, YEAH--I'VE DONE A FEW FLICKS. YOU EVER SEE HUGE, BLACK COCKS WITH PEARLY WHITE CUM 4?
4 IS OUT ALREADY? MAN, I'M GETTING SLOW.

SO, WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN PITTSBURGH? I THOUGHT ALL MOVIES WERE MADE IN, LIKE, HOLLYWOOD?
YOU CAN MAKE A PORNO WHEREVER YOU WANT, KID. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU NEED A SOUND-STAGE OR A LOT--JUST A VIDEO CAMERA AND A FEW GUYS AND GALS WITH FINANCIALLY INDUCED LACKS OF INHIBITION.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D BE GOOD IN PORNO. I MAKE REAL GOOD FUCK FACES. WATCH...

NOT NOW, LUNCHBOX-- I'M MAKING THE LADY WET.

YOU SURE ARE-- I'D BETTER GO GET A ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS.
MY CALL TIME'S IN FIVE MINUTES. IT'S BEEN NICE TALKING TO YOU, KID.

WAIT
WAIT
WAIT!
CAN WE GO WITH YOU?!?

WELL...
NORMALLY, I'D TELL YOU TO FUCK OFF. BUT THE DIRECTOR IS LOOKING FOR YOUNG, RAW TALENT WITH THAT HIGH SCHOOL APPEAL THAT'S OH-SO BIG THESE DAYS.
I CAN BE IN A PORNO?!?
?!
MAYBE. AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO LEAVE YOUR INHIBITIONS AT THE DOOR, AND DON'T MIND SHOWING OFF YOUR... UNMENTIONABLES.
"DON'T MIND"?!? LADY, I SHOW PEOPLE MY SHIT ALL THE TIME -- FREE, FOR NOTHING!
THEN GIVE A GIRL A TASTE, HANDSOME.
ONE FATTY BOOM-BATTY TUBE STEAK, COMING RIGHT UP!
...FEAST YOUR EYES...
...AND THEN YOUR LIPS, IF YOU MUST...
...ON THIS!

ALL RIGHT, STUBBY. THEY ALWAYS NEED A SMALL DICK TO MAKE THE LEADS LOOK BIGGER. FOLLOW ME.

MOMMY? WHY'S HIS PEE-PEE LITTLER THAN MINE?

A CAB RIDE LATER AT A NEARBY HOSPITAL...
"LITTLER"...
SMALL-FRY FUCK JUDGED ME AT HALF-MAST! I'LL BET I'M BIGGER THAN THAT BASTARD TOT WHEN I'M HARD!
TAXI

HEY...WHAT GIVES? YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO A PORNO SET! WHAT'S WITH THE HOSPITAL?
WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU SOME PENILE IMPLANTS, SHORTY.

YOU KNOW, I DON'T MAKE FUN OF YOU BECAUSE YOUR TITS AREN'T LIKE A SIZE 42D OR SOMETHING.

MISTER SENSITIVE...
THIS IS THE SET, LOVER.

A HOSPITAL ?!?
THIS AIN'T A SNUFF FILM, IS IT? I DON'T GO IN FOR THAT "FACES OF DEATH" SHIT.
WELL, WATCHING IT, SURE. BUT BEING IN IT...
IT'S NOT SNUFF. THE HOSPITAL'S CRUCIAL TO THE PLOT.

I DON'T THINK NEIL TOLD THE ADMINISTRATOR EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF A MOVIE WE WERE FILMING HERE, BUT THEY GAVE US THE RUN OF THE THIRD FLOOR AND COMPLETE PRIVACY.
NEIL WHO?

THE DIRECTOR. THEY LOVE HIM HERE. MAKES SENSE, BASED ON HIS OLD SHOW.

DING
THIRD FLOOR, GENTS, WELCOME TO...

Doggie Nights

CUT!
DOOGIE NIGHTS? WHAT THE HELL KIND OF NAME FOR A PORNO IS THAT? THAT AIN'T CATCHY! CUM GARGLING NAKED SLUTS--NOW THAT'S A TITLE!
SERENA! YOU'RE LATE!
HERE COMES THE DIRECTOR...

I'LL LET HIM EXPLAIN IT TO YOU.
HOLY SHIT, DUDE...!

...IT'S DOOGIE FUCKING HOWSER!!!
IT'S NEIL PATRICK HARRIS, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! AND THIS IS A CLOSED SET!

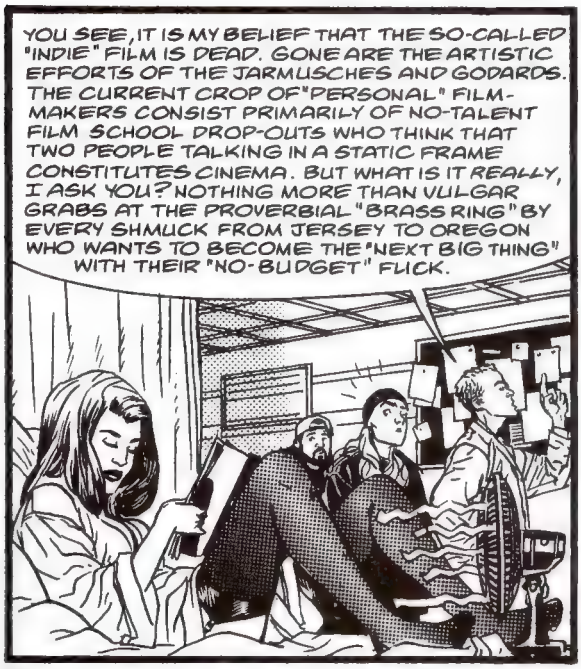
AND YOU ARE TWENTY MINUTES LATE! WE HAD TO USE MISSY IN THE SCENE INSTEAD!
SHE'S GOT BIGGER TITS, ANYWAY.
NEIL, THESE TWO GENTLEMEN ARE LOOKING FOR WORK IN PORN.

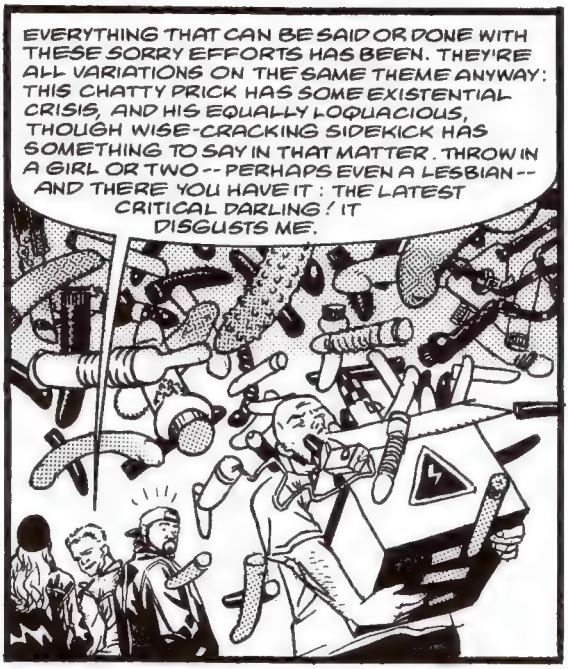
QUASI-INDIE FILM IS WHAT WE CALL IT, SERENA -- NOT PORN! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? ART EXTENDS BEYOND...
"...THE LIMITED VISION OF ESTABLISHMENTAL MORES," I KNOW. SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY? GOT ANY SCENES FOR THEM?

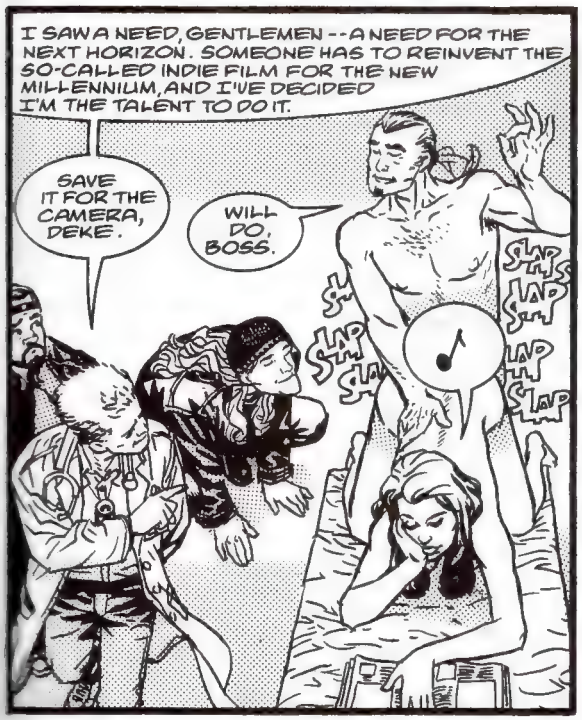
WE COULD USE THEM IN WANDA'S FANTASY SEQUENCE, WHEN SHE DREAMS OF VINNY AND DOOGIE DOUBLE-TEAMING THE CANDY-STRIPERS...
WANDA AND VINNY FROM THE SHOW?!?!
I'M GOING TO CLEAR OUT THE OL' "REAR ADMIRAL" FOR THE DOCTOR-HOWSER-ANAL-FIDELITY SCENE, BOSS.
THEY HERE?!? ARE THEY HERE?!?

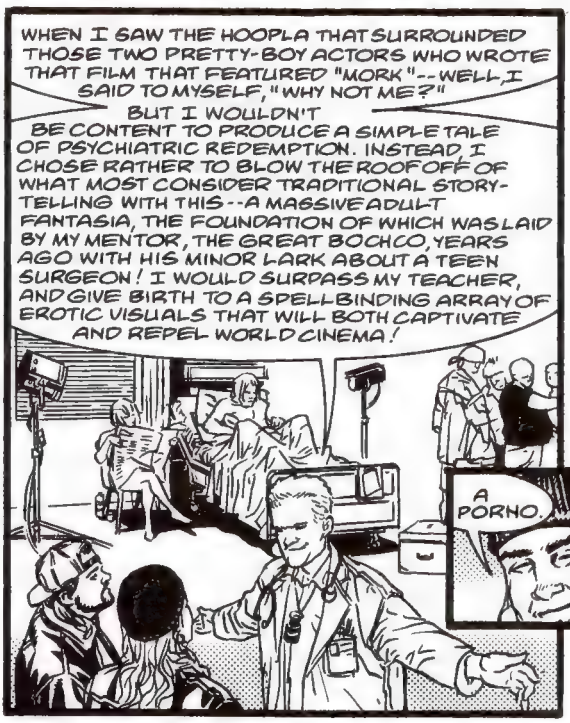
YOU DO THAT, LOVE.
NO--MAX WAS DOING THE LION KING ON BROADWAY, GOD HELP HIM, LAST I HEARD. AND LISA OPTED NOT TO JOIN ME AS I CROSS THE THRESHOLD FROM THE OPIATE OF THE MASSES TO THE AVANT GARDE OF THE NEW AESTHETIC.

HUNHH?
MY LEAP FROM T.V. TO ART-HOUSE INDIE FARE.
OH. BUT, HEY, MAN -- I SAW YOU IN A FLICK ONCE! STARSHIP TROOPERS!!! YOU WERE FUCKING WITH THE "BRAIN BUG"!!! IT WAS FRIGHTENED!
AN UNFORTUNATE BUT NECESSARY PITSTOP ON THE ROAD TO CINEMATIC GLORY, MY NOT-SO-WELL-SPOKEN FRIEND. I NEEDED THE CAPITAL I YIELDED TOILING IN PAUL'S OVER-BLOWN MIDNIGHT MOVIE TO FINANCE THIS -- MY GIFT TO THE OH-SO-TIRED "INDIE" GENRE.
COME WITH ME, LADS.


YOU SEE, IT IS MY BELIEF THAT THE SO-CALLED "INDIE" FILM IS DEAD. GONE ARE THE ARTISTIC EFFORTS OF THE JARMUSCHES AND GODARDS. THE CURRENT CROP OF "PERSONAL" FILM-MAKERS CONSIST PRIMARILY OF NO-TALENT FILM SCHOOL DROP-OUTS WHO THINK THAT TWO PEOPLE TALKING IN A STATIC FRAME CONSTITUTES CINEMA. BUT WHAT IS IT REALLY, I ASK YOU? NOTHING MORE THAN VULGAR GRABS AT THE PROVERBIAL "BRASS RING" BY EVERY SHMUCK FROM JERSEY TO OREGON WHO WANTS TO BECOME THE "NEXT BIG THING" WITH THEIR "NO-BUDGET" FLICK.

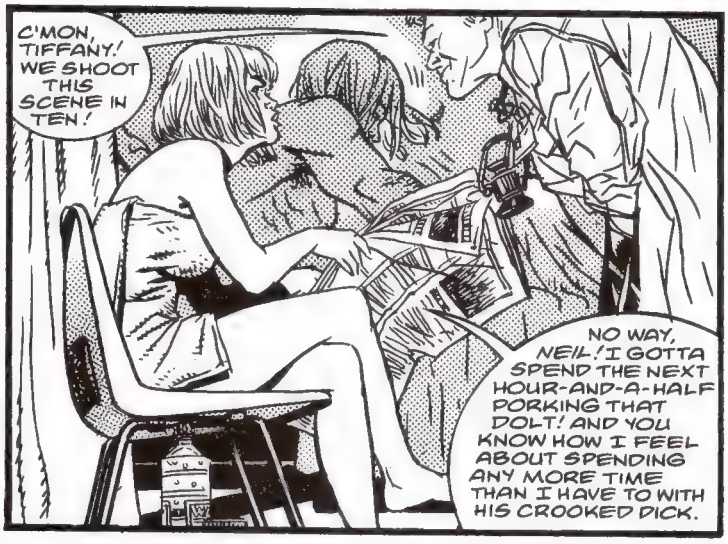

EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE SAID OR DONE WITH THESE SORRY EFFORTS HAS BEEN. THEY'RE ALL VARIATIONS ON THE SAME THEME ANYWAY: THIS CHATTY PRICK HAS SOME EXISTENTIAL CRISIS, AND HIS EQUALLY LOQUACIOUS, THOUGH WISE-CRACKING SIDEKICK HAS SOMETHING TO SAY IN THAT MATTER. THROW IN A GIRL OR TWO -- PERHAPS EVEN A LESBIAN -- AND THERE YOU HAVE IT: THE LATEST CRITICAL DARLING! IT DISGUSTS ME.


I SAW A NEED, GENTLEMEN -- A NEED FOR THE NEXT HORIZON. SOMEONE HAS TO REINVENT THE SO-CALLED INDIE FILM FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM, AND I'VE DECIDED I'M THE TALENT TO DO IT.
SAVE IT FOR THE CAMERA, DEKE.
WILL DO, BOSS.
SLAP SLAP SLAP


WHEN I SAW THE HOOPLA THAT SURROUNDED THOSE TWO PRETTY-BOY ACTORS WHO WROTE THAT FILM THAT FEATURED "MORK" -- WELL, I SAID TO MYSELF, "WHY NOT ME?"
BUT I WOULDN'T BE CONTENT TO PRODUCE A SIMPLE TALE OF PSYCHIATRIC REDEMPTION. INSTEAD, I CHOSE RATHER TO BLOW THE ROOF OFF OF WHAT MOST CONSIDER TRADITIONAL STORY-TELLING WITH THIS -- A MASSIVE ADULT FANTASIA, THE FOUNDATION OF WHICH WAS LAID BY MY MENTOR, THE GREAT BOCHCO, YEARS AGO WITH HIS MINOR LARK ABOUT A TEEN SURGEON! I WOULD SURPASS MY TEACHER, AND GIVE BIRTH TO A SPELLBINDING ARRAY OF EROTIC VISUALS THAT WILL BOTH CAPTIVATE AND REPEL WORLD CINEMA!
A PORNO.

IT'S QUASI-INDIE-FILM, YOU MORON!
SORRY, DOOGIE.
!
MISTER HARRIS?

WHAT IS IT, HAM?
MISTER HARRIS, I'M HAVING A HARD TIME KEEPING RIGID. AND TIFFANY WON'T LEND ME A HAND.


C'MON, TIFFANY! WE SHOOT THIS SCENE IN TEN!
NO WAY, NEIL! I GOTTA SPEND THE NEXT HOUR-AND-A-HALF PORKING THAT DOLT! AND YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT SPENDING ANY MORE TIME THAN I HAVE TO WITH HIS CROOKED DICK.

SCREW YOU, TIFFANY! I NEVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR SALINE-TITS!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU CAN'T EVEN SPELL "SALINE," YOU BRAINLESS, BISEXUAL DORK.
STINK-PUSS!!!
FENCE SITTER!!!

ENOUGH!
I THINK I MAY HAVE WORK FOR YOU BOTH.
YOU NEED ME TO FUCK THAT CHICK?!? ALL RIGHT, DOOGIE--ANYTHING FOR YOU!

HOLD ON THERE, SPEEDY.
YOU--TAKE TIFFANY FOR A WALK TO THE CRAFT SERVICE TABLE. SEE THAT SHE CALMS DOWN A BIT BEFORE WE HAVE TO SHOOT.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, DOOGIE?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT A FLUFFER IS?
THE CHICKS THAT KEEP PORNO DUDES HARD WHEN THEY'RE NOT FUCKING?
AH--A WELL-VERSED MAN-OF-THE-WORLD.

HAM HERE HAS A VERY IMPORTANT SCENE WITH TIFFANY, IN WHICH HE ESSAYS THE THE ROLE OF A TERMINALLY ILL PATIENT MY CHARACTER -- DOOGIE, OF COURSE -- IS TREATING. HIS CHARACTER EXPRESSES A DESIRE TO HAVE ONE FINAL TASTE OF THE NECTAR OF FEMININITY, AND I URGE THE NURSE -- PORTRAYED BY TIFFANY -- TO JOIN US IN A DOUBLE-PENETRATION EXTRAVAGANZA.
SOUNDS SWEET! YOU WANT ME TO PLAY AN ORDERLY WHO WALKS IN, SEES IT, AND SPANKS ON HER BACK, TOO? I'M A GENIUS AT TUGGING ONE OUT!

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP
NOT EXACTLY. YOU SEE, HAM'S HAVING A TOUGH TIME MAINTAINING HIS ERECTION -- WHICH WE'LL NEED FOR THE SCENE. AND BEING THAT HE'S EASILY TURNED ON BY BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, I WAS HOPING YOU'D OFFER UP YOUR PREVIOUSLY STATED PRODIGIOUS TALENTS ON HAM'S BEHALF.
I DON'T GET IT.
LET ME SHOW YOU. YOUR HAND, PLEASE.

OHHHHH... THAT'S THE STUFF...

I APPRECIATE YOU LENDING A HAND, FRIEND. AFTER WE SHOOT HAM AND TIFFANY, WE'LL SET YOU UP WITH WARDROBE FOR YOUR SCENE.
GIVE ME A HARD SHADOW ACROSS THE BACK WALL FOR THE MASTER, WOULD YOU?
YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

WATCH THE NAILS, LITTLE GUY.
...SO AFTER I FINISHED MY GRAD STUDIES, I TRIED TO FIND A JOB IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR. BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS -- THERE'RE JUST NO GOOD JOBS FOR A PERSON WITH A DOCTORATE IN CHILEAN LITERARY STUDIES. THE ADULT FILM BIZ JUST KIND OF HAPPENED.
I CAN'T COMPLAIN. I WON AN ADULT FILM AWARD FOR THIS FOUR-WAY D.P. SCENE I DID WITH SYLVAN DERRIS IN GIRLS WHO CRAVE COCK AND CUNT 3. I USUALLY GET HIGH MARKS FOR MAKING ANAL LOOK PLEASURABLE. GOTTA FUEL THAT MALE FANTASY...
DAMN-- NO T.P. COULD YOU GRAB ME SOME FROM THE NEXT STALL?
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND REMINDED ME OF SYLVAN, ACTUALLY. THEY KIND OF HAVE THE SAME JAWLINE. I'M SURE HE DOESN'T GIVE HEAD NEARLY AS AMAZINGLY AS SHE DOES, THOUGH.
THANKS, HON.
I'VE GOTTA SAY-- THIS IS THE BEST CONVERSATION I'VE EVER HAD WITH ANYONE IN THE BUSINESS. THANKS FOR TALKING WITH ME.
YOU'RE A SWEETHEART.
FLUUUUUUSSSHHHH!

"YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!" I SAYS. I MEAN--TWO, MAYBE. BUT THREE? WHO AM I? STRETCH ARMSTRONG?

BUT I GAVE IT A SHOT ANYWAY, AND WOULD YOU KNOW IT? I TOOK ALL THREE! THE GIRLS ON THE SET SAID I WAS A REGULAR SYLVAN DERRIS.

YOU KNOW SYLVAN DERRIS?!?
KNOW HER? THE BITCH STOLE MY ADULT VIDEO AWARD THAT YEAR, JUST BECAUSE SHE WAS ABLE TO TAKE SIX!
I DIDN'T MIND THAT MUCH, THOUGH--ME AND SYLVAN GO WAY BACK. SHE GIVES TREMENDOUS HEAD.

BUT NEIL'S THE BEST DIRECTOR I'VE EVER WORKED WITH. HE'S CREATING A NEW GENRE WITH THIS FILM...WHATEVER THAT MEANS. HE'S NOT THE FIRST GUY FROM T.V. WHO EVER JUMPED OVER TO PORNO, THOUGH.
YOU KNOW THAT GUY WHO PLAYED "STICKS" ON HAPPY DAYS? HE WAS IN A PORN WITH TRACI LORDS ONCE. HE DIDN'T REALLY...

OHHHHHHHHH...
WHAT THE...?

YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO CUM, YOU FUCK!!!
NEIL! UH...I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THE SCENE.

LET'S GO, LUNCH-BOX! SHOW BUSINESS AIN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE!
AND GIVE ME YOUR GODDAMNED HANDKERCHIEF!
WAIT!!! COME BACK!!!
I NEVER EVEN CAUGHT HIS NAME...

INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA -- LATER THAT EVENING...
MY, MY, MY, MY -- WHAT A MESS.
LISTEN UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! OUR FUGITIVE HAS BEEN ON THE RUN FOR NINETY MINUTES!
"AVERAGE SIMIAN FOOT SPEED OVER UNEVEN GROUND -- BARRING INJURIES OR PRE-OCCUPATION WITH TIRE TUBES, MITES, OR BANANAS -- IS FOUR MILES AN HOUR..."
THAT GIVES US A RADIUS OF SIX MILES. WHAT I WANT OUT OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU IS A HARD TARGET SEARCH...
"...OF EVERY GAS STATION...
?
"...RESIDENCE...
?
"...WARE-HOUSE...
"...FARM-HOUSE...
"HEN-HOUSE...
"OUT-HOUSE...
"...AND DOGHOUSE IN THAT AREA.
"CHECKPOINTS GO UP AT FIFTEEN MILES."
YOUR FUGITIVE'S NAME IS SUZANNE!
FEDERAL FUGITIVE MARSHAL

GO GET HER!

(THE LETTERS COLUMN THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME)

Oni Press/Jay & Silent Bob, 6336 Milwaukie Avenue, Suite 30, Portland, OR 97202 • email: Joeoni@spiritone.com

Gee, kids! Sorry we're running a "tad" late, but the best-laid plans . . . What with Kevin working on *Dogma*, Duncan getting the killer flu, and Oni running around the convention floors of America, well, here we are. Everyone is better now, and we promise to do our level-best to get the last two issues to you as fast as we can. Hang in there, they're worth it! Meanwhile, just to keep with comic-book tradition, we asked for your comments on the first issue of this here little series. It wasn't necessarily the smartest thing to do. Let's just say that in some cases, it gave us too good of an idea what some of you people are really like.

Dear Oni,

Just bumpin' some of the late Biggie Smalls and decided to drop you over-achievers a congratulatory note. *Jay & Silent Bob* #1 is the fuckin' shit! Especially liked it when Silent Bob dropped the surprise knuckle-hammer on the ex-assistant to Mister Svenning. Arrogant bastard with the bombastic language deserved it.

Jay kills, though. That fuckin' player pimps so much, he needs to share some of that nappy! And now (so I've heard), you gonna put the boys smack in the middle of the porn industry? Mayhem to ensue, no doubt. That Kevin Smith! He is definitely — in the immortal words of Ice Cube — "nuttier than a Snicker bar."

Stay up,
Smit-Dog
McKinleyville, CA

Are Ice Cube's words truly immortal? Will they live forever? And is it Mr. Smit' or Mr. Cube who doesn't know that it's actually called "Snickers"? The more questions that come up, the less we realize we know . . .

Dear Kevin and Jason,

You guys kick ass. *Clerks* is a peerless movie, and the only movie I watched twice in a row without puking up a storm (that's a compliment, since seeing shit twice reeks forth uncontrolled vomit — quite amusing actually). *Mallrats* was not as thought-provoking, but it was funny. *Chasing Amy*'s whoopee to fisting cunt **[?!?!?!]** was a home-hitter with the Meow Mix, since I live three blocks from it. Speaking of Meow Mix, I love to hang out there on Xena Night, at which, after three hours of "Xena" episodes, we have a sword fighting competition. One time I got disqualified after I rammed the plastic sword up my opponent's nose. Accidentally, of course *tee-hee*. I even won three times — a Xena doll, a poster, and the grandest price ever offered, a "Don't Fuck with the Ladies" T-shirt signed by Lucy Braless — I mean, Lawless — herself. Go me!

You guys rock! Keep coming out with the cool shit, and we, the suckers, will keep buying it.

Love,
Dead Girl Pyzon, Warrior Mistress,
Vera Liberman
NYC, NY

Dear Oni Press,

I just finished *J&SB* #1, and it was funny as hell! My two older brothers are total comic book freaks, and truthfully, I always thought that kind of stuff was fairly gay. That is until I saw *Mallrats*. Now I guess you could say I'm a little obsessed with Kevin Smith stuff. Keep up the writing, it kicks ass. Can't wait to see *Dogma*.

Rachel L.
Cacade Locks, OR

I present the following letter completely unedited. All mistakes are his. It just seemed better this way.

Jay and Silent Bob,

You too are my heroes. Jay has the balls to do all the shit I wouldn't risk. I got "Clerks" the comic and "Oni Double Feature" on the release dates (I stole them both and I thought they were fucking brilling! My idea of the "Name the Letters page" is "The Sounds of Fucking Silence". I saw "Clerks" "Mallrats" and "Chasing Amy" several times each and I'm eagerly awaiting "Dogma". Me and one of my friends (a sexy bitch) are the biggist Kevin Smith fans in my shitty town. Thanks for reading this.

Tommy White
Age 17
Westwood, Mass.

Just for the record, saying you are a thief doesn't make us think you're cool. We've gotta eat, too, you know.

Dear Kevin,

So, I'm calling every comics store in Denver and all I hear is laughter. What are they laughing at? Just one simple question: "Do you have an *Oni Double Feature* first printing?" Well, listen up all ya freaking dirtbag clerks, I got one! So, who's laughing now?!?! HAHAHA!

Well, enough about my little victory, on to the matter at hand which is to tell you how slammin' *Oni Double Feature* was. I haven't laughed so hard since Rob Liefeld tried to come up with an original red-white-and-blue superhero. Kevin, you have successfully transferred Jay and Silent Bob to my favorite thing in the world: comic books. Also, I've just got done with *Jay & Silent Bob* #1, and I can't wait for their adventure in Shermer, Illinois, home of the preppy assholes.

Patrick Weidmann

P.S. Are we ever gonna find out if Jay had a mother or if he was just hatched?

Don't go away, folks. Next month the lettercol gets its name thanks to your voluminous pile of suggestions and Kevin's cruel and arbitrary edict.

Jamie S. Rich
still awaiting my final fate

Bob Schreck
the harsh master

NEXT ISSUE:

Two-two covers in one-one! And you don't have to buy it twice to get both of 'em, either! Hopefully coming a lot quicker than this one . . .